

# THE CHIPLEY BANNER.

VOLUME V.

CHIPLEY, WASHINGTON COUNTY, FLORIDA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1897.

NUMBER 14.

## THE STORY OF ULLA.

Told at the Edge of the Northern Sea, and  
Written for This Paper.

BY EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD.

### CHAPTER I.

This is the story of Ulla, the viking, the priest! This is the story of the proud and Ulla the humble. It is the story each sentence of which falls on the heart of the writer as the hollow moan of breakers some desolate midnight shore. And the heart of Ulla is that shore, and the sea of the storm that is over—the storm of the life and the loving—comes tant and sad as he writes with a lancholy cadence through the hush of the evening of living.

I am that viking, I am that priest, and here in my lonely home by the edge



"I SIT BY THE DIM SHINE OF MY LAMP."

of the northern sea. I sit by the dim shine of my lamp, while the night winds howl without, and across these lean, thin hands, these palsied, knotted fingers that tremble like the white open leaves, lies a fair braid of yellow hair. Long, long it seems since that raid was out from the head that grew so long, long months of pain and days of regretting have passed since that strand was cut from its wearer; the salt sea has dimmed it, time has touched its luster, and the dark stain of blood is upon it, yet as I, the monk Ulla, also that fair thing again and again to my lips and press it where naught but the sign of the new faith should be pressed—press it trembling and silently to those cold lips—something of the old life shoots through my shrunken veins—something of the strong passion that once nerved them tingles into those withered fingers that smooth that gleaming toy so tenderly, and a white mist comes to my dull eyes, and my head bows forward, and the little cell seems widening out as wide as life itself; and as the sound of the wind among the trees, desolate as the beat of the restless pulse of the sea upon the rim of the night comes to my lonely heart the echo of long ago.

It was in the time of my master, Halfdan the Black, and I was a Norway jarl and lived by the white lip of the sea in Halldarud. I was young then, I was scarcely twenty, and had herds and men and farms all the way up the wild coast, far up as the Fjittern, and a long ship lay in the creep by my homestead, and bear bounds lay on the rushes by my glenok, and my bows and spears lay in the tressels, and a hundred jolly fellows drank from my flowing horns and served my meats each day, and were used to call me lord and leader. Three times as many stocked my yellow harvests and filled my barns. And I was young and tall and big of limb, and although I was so young I had already been twice abroad and had harried across the wide sea in distant Farøyjar down south to Ljodhus. I had led the glorious word of battle, and I had led the red flame of burning thorp towers leap up to heaven from my steps. Princes had courted me and I had sung everything I had, and I had a strong hand reach—everything, one; the chair on my left hand still empty at the feast, no bright eyes looked Ulla returning victorious from any, no tall Norway maid tempered her presence the rude revelry in my hall, for Ulla was unwed.

It was not for lack of fitting, for our maids were straight as spruces, supple as the yellow willows by the tarns and fair as the flowers of the fields when the snow rolls back from them, and each might I have had for the Thoralia there was, for in whose locks were as yellow as the hill barley; and Unn, whose eyes shone wondrously kindly, her handsome neighbor when they met in the shady forest path; and Thyril the whose mother thought the lands of and their own would well match together, and Thora the smiler and another. But I was wild and wayward, and as difficult to net as the blue hawks that sail along the cliff in springtime.

Matters were like this when my master, King Halfdan, more easily persuaded, had determined to marry the lovely Ragnhild, daughter of Harold Goldbeard, and everything having been settled by the ambassadors, one day in early summer from all the isles and fjords and every river the Norway lords and chiefs came trooping the ceremonial and the about of the people outside came into the hall like the roar of a torrent sounding through the pine woods. I saw and heard all this but dimly, for Ulla Erlingsson himself, the indifferent, the invincible, was on that moment vanquished.

Odin with wild blue eyes, keen features, and yellow hair stream upon their shoulders and mighty muscles showing beneath their clinking armlets and bands of beaten metal. Indeed, that was a day, and I could fill here, as I sit with nothing but the blank rock wall before me, a hundred pages with the names and deeds of those who came, and every name should sound to you like that of a giant and princely brother, and every splendid deed I linked to every name should bring the blush of pride to your cheek and the pulse of pleasure to your kindred hearts—but the lamp burns low and I am no scribe, therefore let those warlike shadows pass unchronicled again into the voids of memory from whence they came.

In the mid of the plain the king's men had built a hall of rough-hewn pine logs, so long and wide that 5,000 chiefs could sit to meat within it at once. And every vassal of the king had sent a polished buckler to deck the bride house, and these were ranged in rows along the roofs and sides until all these warlike trappings gleamed together with one broad shine that men could see from Akinfell to the white pools by Flekkerfjord. And every Norway maid had bound a fillet of green spruce and golden flower, and these were ranged between the shields until a cloud of soft color wrapped the palace far and near, and the sweet new place smell hung warm and heavy in the air.

Not was this all. Every jarl and sea lord, every captain and rover who owned a long ship or snekja, a skeld or skuta, had brought them round to the fjord and hauled them up over rollers, and there they stood, those great navies of the vikings that had pale the cheeks of maids and matrons in twenty lands, their golden names—"Deer of the Surf," "Raven of the Wind," "Egirs Steed," "Hawk on the Gull's Track," "Snake of the Sea," carved in rune on each steep rising prow, in two long rows a mile or two in length, with parti-colored sails all set, and red raiding flag streaming on the wind, and gilt dragon heads all turned inward, and jolly crews in bright vestments in their idle ranks of oars, red garlands of flowers about those sides which the white ribbons of the sea foams were wont alone to deck.

All about the great mid hall were scores of lesser houses, so that where green grass grew a week ago was now a gray wooden city, and a thousand troops of horse stood munching Halfdan's hay, and a thousand stalwart clansmen were quaffing Halfdan's ale, and a thousand tables bent with Halfdan's provender, and a thousand trumpets sounded Halfdan's war-note, and a thousand scalds were singing Halfdan's praises that day King Halfdan married.

The great prince had chosen me to be among his right-hand men, and thus happened that which was the sweet and the bitter, the light and the darkness of my life. King Goldbeard came ashore from his ships early in the morning, and my lord, the black-haired master took his sweet Ragnhild by the hand, and at the head of a long procession of princes, chiefs and ladies, all on foot, marched through the mighty concourse of the shouting people and up the long lane of dragon ships into the great hall itself. There the feudatories ranged themselves in gallant rows at the many tressel tables, while the kings and we with them went on to the further end, where stood some oaken benches. These made three sides of a square. On one sat Harold with his peers; on the other, facing him, was Halfdan—and I on his right—and four strong jarls from the corners of his kingdom to flank us. The last bench across the other two was filled by ladies, and amid them—all in white bride linen, with a splendid torque of jewels binding the loose folds across her bosom and a diadem of rough gold in her golden hair—sat the bride.

I scarcely knew what followed. I saw the bride-price paid and the bench gifts made on bended knee. I saw the fair and frightened Ragnhild clinging weeping for a minute to her father's neck, and then I saw King Halfdan take her



"HE SAW KING HALFDAN TAKE HER HAND."

and acknowledged her before all Norway as his wife; the trumpets sounded, and the about of the people outside came into the hall like the roar of a torrent sounding through the pine woods. I saw and heard all this but dimly, for Ulla Erlingsson himself, the indifferent, the invincible, was on that moment vanquished.

cross bench sat an English girl, such a queen of gentle loveliness never eyes rested on before. She was scarcely seventeen years old, but tall and shapely and slim, with a wondrous smooth skin and her comeliness of limb and out line was set off by a fair, clinging robe of the mystic druid green, of just such hue as you see hanging, pale and tender, over the strong black fields of the northern sea when the wet west wind blows at sunset. Her eyes were blue as fairy flax in summer, and shy, and clear, with a veiled light running somewhere deep down within them; her feet were sandaled with doe skin and white ermine, her middle was belted with a broad zone of pearls and amber beads, none of them smaller than a linnet's egg, and her hair, the crown and consummation of her loveliness, was bound up with a single fillet of red English gold.

A strand of that hair now, fifty years after, lay before me in the pale flicker of my feeble lamp. The luster has gone from it, and the dull stain of blood is on it, and it is pale with the kisses of those priestly lips, and bleached by salt sea water, and I hide my eyes a space from the silent reproach of that sweet toy, for even now I cannot look upon it without a throes of heavy grief and sorrow.

But nothing I recked of this then, and before the hungry, laughing chief-tains had settled down to the marriage feast—before Ragnhild and Gunna, my sweet maid—and I as flagon bearer—had once made the circle of the hundred tables and first filled with pine-bark beer each princely feaster's flagon, I loved each thing she touched, ay, and the very air she breathed.

### CHAPTER II.

Three brief days we spent in happy nearness, and I found she was the daughter of an English prince—one of those lordlings whose lands we pillaged and who had sent the maiden over under the care of a surly churl, her uncle, with a woman-gift to Ragnhild in order to enlist that great lady's mediation. The first day I spent haunting the maiden's footsteps, a prey such fits of hot hopefulness and cold despair as I thought surely no other man had suffered hitherto. The second day we had sports and contests, and plucking up heart of grace I threw Ofar, the Dane, in a wrestling bout, and hurled my spear on the first try sheer through the great iron shield old Langanes of Iceland had hung for us to cast at. Ay! and under the eyes of Queen Ragnhild and all her court I spread the great sail of my long ship and urged the rowers and burst through the jostling ranks of my competers, and sailed round the fjord and back ahead of any, and won a prize and laid it on fair Gunna's knees.

And the third day, between the rising of the sun and the setting of it, I had met the maiden among the pines by the lonely shore, and had poured my heart



"I THREW OFF THE DANE."

to her with such eloquence as surely Frigga's self gave me, and she had blushed and sighed, and told me how wide apart were our kindred and how hostile our countries, and that it could never be, and then had blushed again, and dropped a tear and slid her hand into my own, and thus Ulla was happy—happy with an incredible happiness, happy beyond expectation and knowledge.

Sweet was the breath of the pines that afternoon, pleasant the distant murmur of the water on the hollow rocks, soft the carpet of felted mosses, and fair the nodding flowers that fringed our path!

On the next morning I went to the tent where she lodged by the sullen old churl her uncle, and it was empty! The pennon was gone from in front; the red-haired sentinels were gone, the benches were empty and deserted, the doors were opened, and, sick at heart and fearful, I turned to one who stood near and asked where the fair white girl who had come with him. Heavy as lead fell the answer on my ears: "The stranger had quarreled last night at the feast—had struck and been struck by a hill chieftain, and in a moment of drunken fury had ordered out his ships, had taken the white maid from her couch, and, scarcely giving her time to slip on cloak and sandals, had gone down to the strand, and, cursing everything Norwegian, launched into the black, midnight sea, and sailed away through the darkness to the land of the strangers."

Bitter was my grief and disappointment! For half a day I ran up and down the shore distracted, rage and chagrin alternately mastering my soul. Then I bethought me of my longship and had her dragged to the shore, and, swift as a white sea-mew before a squall, I fled out to sea, and crossing over the rough water, beat up and down the English coast for a week hoping to see them, and when that hope was vain back I came disconsolate to the vikings' shore and sailed for many days about the islands, asking at every town from kooky Jar to merchant Nidaros whether a ship of the foreigners with a white maid and red-haired men on board had put in there, and got laughed at for my pains, and so I came back empty-

handed and empty-hearted at last to my own homestead.

Very weary were the days and months that followed. The sunshine had gone out of the world, and I shunned my jolly comrades; the light laughter of the Norway maids was bitter to me. I hated my hawk and my wolf-dogs; I no longer fed my sleek horse; my weapons rusted on their hooks; my lendirnen, unproved, pillaged my stocks and barns, and day and night I hung, disconsolate, over the remembrance of my loss.

### CHAPTER III.

Ten years had passed; I had forayed north and south and asked with every lessening hope for news of her I sought from captives and merchants, but one and all shook their heads and could tell me nothing. In many a bloody fray on the English shore and sack of thorp or castle I had borne her image in my mind hoping to find her likeness some-



"I HAD MET THE MAIDEN AMONG THE PINES."

where, and thus, I say, ten years had passed, and presently still another spring came round and we had eaten all our winter provisions and were weary of looking by winter's fire and yearning for the bath of the free ocean, or the yet dearer breath of adventure, and thus one day I went down to the strand where my good ship lay hauled up and tented over against the storm and snow, to see the work that Skaun the carpenter and Vedrey of the brushes had done upon her. And as I walked about that gallant hulk my blood took a new color and beat a quicker measure than it had done for long, while the winter sloth dropped from me and the hunger of the rover for quest and danger was born anew in my heart. A better skeld never was steered by a sea king's son, I thought. Her sides were blue—blue as last winter's ice in the shadows of June—right up from the water edge to the high gunwale, while inside the hull was painted a pale green, and as white as a maiden's linen. The tall mast in the center was slim and straight as an arrow, and on either side were rowlock holes for sixty oars. A lovely ship, indeed, and cunning Vedrey had vanished her until her clinker sides shone like the back of a new caught salmon, and had carved and gilded every oar hole with a golden scroll of twisting serpents, and here and there and everywhere had been at work so deftly that it was a day's wonder to explore the workings of the loving zeal wherewith he had adorned the vessel from glittering stem to stern. And Skaun had seen to every peg and shew that laced her shapely sides; he had been at and for- ward; above, below, had scraped the care and set new seats for rowers, and caulked afresh each seam with red cow-hair and resin—oh, a lovely ship, indeed, and in my pride surely I thought such a one never stood on mortal soils before. Once more I would venture a cast with fortune, and in a burst of pleasure and such life as had lain asleep too long within my heart I vowed then and there to start on a foray before three days were over. And, not in the revulsion of my feelings, I set Skaun and Vedrey running here and there as they had never run before, and collected some of the lazy-boned villains who had basked in my porch and snored by my pine wood fire all through the snow and frost, and made them work as they had not worked for many days.

Under our busy hands the beautiful winter hulk put on her war gear and blossomed like a summer tree. We fetched out her sixty great oars, "Feet of the Sea-wolf," of ash (four men sat at each) and strapped them into their painted rowlock holes. Then we slung in the landing boats and set the great rudder aft on the starboard; we put the black leather tent on board, and under it the hudat sleeping-bags to shield me and my jolly pillagers from the English rain. We shipped the landing planks—many were the white feet of captive girls we hoped would tread them—and a hundred stout rollers in case our longship needed to be beached. Then we put in the arms chest and filled it to the brim with glistening swords and axes, praying all the time to Odin that their shine might be dimmed ere we returned; we put the brass kettles on board, and the provisions, and barrels of water with little lids. Next we set up the tall mast that shone in its winter coat of bear's grease and was so red and straight, and hoisted to the spar the great square sail, "Cloak of the Wind." It was the great jarl Kand of Viskerdal, my foster-brother, who gave me that sheet, and it was colored blue and white and made of woolen stuff as soft as silk. Lastly of all the glistening dragon head was put upon the prow, and the warriors' shields, black and yellow, each overlapping each, were set along the bulwarks, and there, flashing in the sun with a hundred colors, beautiful and complete from stem to stern, my sea bride sat shining on the ways!

So well had we worked that the dawn of the second day from my vow we were ready, and half the valley came to see us off. All went well with the launching and in a few minutes after the props were knocked away we slid out into the fjord and floated true and straight, and at the same instant my five score fighting men set up the hymn to Odin, the sail was spread, and the long oars began to dip, swift and strong, into the merry water that ran rippling by us.

And thus, I say, ten years had passed, and presently still another spring came round and we had eaten all our winter provisions and were weary of looking by winter's fire and yearning for the bath of the free ocean, or the yet dearer breath of adventure, and thus one day I went down to the strand where my good ship lay hauled up and tented over against the storm and snow, to see the work that Skaun the carpenter and Vedrey of the brushes had done upon her. And as I walked about that gallant hulk my blood took a new color and beat a quicker measure than it had done for long, while the winter sloth dropped from me and the hunger of the rover for quest and danger was born anew in my heart. A better skeld never was steered by a sea king's son, I thought. Her sides were blue—blue as last winter's ice in the shadows of June—right up from the water edge to the high gunwale, while inside the hull was painted a pale green, and as white as a maiden's linen. The tall mast in the center was slim and straight as an arrow, and on either side were rowlock holes for sixty oars. A lovely ship, indeed, and cunning Vedrey had vanished her until her clinker sides shone like the back of a new caught salmon, and had carved and gilded every oar hole with a golden scroll of twisting serpents, and here and there and everywhere had been at work so deftly that it was a day's wonder to explore the workings of the loving zeal wherewith he had adorned the vessel from glittering stem to stern. And Skaun had seen to every peg and shew that laced her shapely sides; he had been at and for- ward; above, below, had scraped the care and set new seats for rowers, and caulked afresh each seam with red cow-hair and resin—oh, a lovely ship, indeed, and in my pride surely I thought such a one never stood on mortal soils before. Once more I would venture a cast with fortune, and in a burst of pleasure and such life as had lain asleep too long within my heart I vowed then and there to start on a foray before three days were over. And, not in the revulsion of my feelings, I set Skaun and Vedrey running here and there as they had never run before, and collected some of the lazy-boned villains who had basked in my porch and snored by my pine wood fire all through the snow and frost, and made them work as they had not worked for many days.

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Loudly, loudly I prayed from my place by the high tiller to the three fatal sisters who live beneath the ash Yggdrasil that they would send me this time to the arms of my love, and loudly, loudly to this moment I bewail me that my prayer was granted.

### TO BE CONTINUED.

#### Worms That Raise Tons of Sand.

Mr. Darwin a few years before his death made the nonscientific world familiar with the work of worms in passing earth through their bodies, and with the wonderful results effected by them in a comparatively short space of time. More recently C. Davison has followed up Mr. Darwin's researches in this field of science.

Last year Mr. Davison examined the sands between Holy Island and the coast of Northumberland, a large flat stretch of beach familiar to most persons who travel by the east coast route to Scotland. The observer found that the number of castings of sand thrown up by the lobworms gave an average of 50,000,000 to the square mile. A portion of the castings was weighed and the total weight thrown up annually was thus shown to be, in some places, about 901 tons per acre; at other points it was a good deal less than this, but in still other parts it amounted to no less than 3,145 tons per acre. If all the sand thus passed through the bodies of these animals in the course of twelve months were spread out it would give an average thickness of not less than thirteen inches. How many and various are the changes produced in the sand by the wonderful activity of these industrious worms it is impossible to say. But it is easy to see how the presence of such creatures in large numbers operate with other forces to produce a kind of order on the surface of the earth, and to replace crudeness by beauty. The thing that strikes one most, however, is the magnitude of the results which can be produced in a short time when a large number of separate individuals work in co-operation by the same methods toward the same end.—London Hospital.

GERMAN railways now aggregate 24,600 miles and employ 12,620 locomotives, 26,008 passenger cars, 556,851 freight cars and 618,000 officials and other employees. In 1890 there were 3,088 accidents of all kinds.

#### Florida Quarantines.

Dr. J. Y. Porter, state health officer of Florida, has taken official action in regard to the yellow fever reported in Mississippi and Louisiana, and has placed an effective quarantine on persons and baggage from the infected points.

#### Rich Widow Founds Hospital.

Mrs. Richard Milliken, of New Orleans, widow of the wealthy sugar planter, presented the charity hospital with \$75,000 to found a children's building, which will include a kindergarten and other improvements.

#### PIANO WORKS BURN.

Big Fire at McKeesport, Pennsylvania, Causes Heavy Loss.

The mammoth manufacturing plant in Mendelssohn park, near Keosport, Pa., containing the Mendelssohn Piano works, Barckoff Organ works, Dickson Wood works, was burned to the ground Monday at an early hour, entailing a loss of \$85,000.

It is supposed that the building was set on fire. The organ factory, in which the blaze started, was idle during the past two weeks pending the settlement of litigation.

#### ANDREWS STANDS FIRM.

He Insists on the Acceptance of His Resignation.

It is unofficially announced that Dr. Andrews will insist upon the acceptance of his resignation from the presidency of Brown university.

This decision was arrived at after a conference Monday afternoon between Dr. Andrews and the advisory and the executive committee of the corporation. His connection with the Cosmopolitan university, it is thought, will take up too much time to permit of his devoting his attention to both universities.

His decision is in spite of a letter received by him from the faculty begging him to remain.

#### SHOT-GUN QUARANTINE

May Be Organized By Texans Through the Reports of Yellow Fever.

State Health Officer Swearingen, stationed at Austin, Tex., has issued an iron-clad quarantine against Ocean Springs, Miss., and all other points now affected or likely to be affected by yellow fever. It will go into immediate effect and last indefinitely. Reports from the gulf coast are to the effect that the inhabitants are badly frightened at the prospects of yellow fever.

#### IRELAND'S CROP SHORT.

In Consequence There Is a Prospect of Much Suffering.

Advises state that the failure of the potato, hay and corn crops in most of the districts of Ireland has resulted in the gloomiest outlook for the winter. The chairman of the Michael's town board of guardians at a meeting held by that body declared Ireland is on the verge of a great agricultural crisis, and that numbers of rate payers will be compelled to go to the workhouse.

## GOLD HUNTERS TURN BACK

OUTLOOK FOR REACHING KLONDIKE DIKE THIS FALL IS GLOOMY.

## A NEW ELDORADO DISCOVERED.

Ontario Comes Into Prominence as a Possible Rival of Alaska as a Gold Producer.

Advises from Vancouver, B. C., state that the steamer Capitano, Captain Powers, returned Sunday morning from Juneau, Dyes and Skaguay. She brought down one miner from Juneau who is disgusted with the outlook for getting into the gold fields this fall. Her cattle and horses were landed safely, but American custom officials charged a duty of \$30 on each horse. On the way down the captain spoke the steamer Bristol and the stern wheeler Eugene, which left Victoria last week at Alert bay.

The Capitano brings no advices of importance from the north. The crush at Dyes and Skaguay is as great as ever, and many disheartened people are daily turning back.

#### A New Klondike Found.

A special dispatch was received Monday by The Detroit Evening News from Wawa City, the newly laid out town in the Michipicooten gold country on Lake Wawa, Ont. The embryo town is situated in the narrow pass, which leads to Lake Wawa from the landing places on the shore of Lake Superior, which is but six miles from the gold discoveries. The News' staff correspondent writes:

"As to the gold discoveries developing into anything like the indications given, it can be said that quartz has been found that assays over \$30 a ton. It is found not in one section, but in different places, extending over several thousand acres. Quartz has been found here containing free gold in chunks as big as kernels of wheat, gold in its pure form, which does not have to be subjected to a chemical process to free it from the rock.

"Prospectors every day are finding specimens that assay \$50 a ton. Probably 100 prospectors are today working in the hills. Another party of 25 reached here yesterday afternoon. Several thousand acres have already been claimed, but there are all kinds of disputes about priority claims, and nobody can tell who will get a patent from the government.

"The country where the discoveries were made has never been opened up for settlement. The only inhabitants are Indians and Hudson bay traders, and they are few."

#### FRENCH CABLE CAUSES KICK.

May Be Cut Off at Cape Cod by Government Authority.

Officials of the state department at Washington and of the attorney general's office have been conferring recently relative to the French cable which lands at Cape Cod.

The cable was first laid under authority given by the president through Secretary Evarts in 1879, and recently the French company has been replacing this line with a new copper cable. This met with opposition, and Senator Frye introduced a bill to prevent the landing of cables without the assent of congress, while Senator Nelson afterwards offered another bill leaving the question with the president. Neither bill passed congress.

Through the summer work on the cable has progressed steadily, and information received at Washington indicates that the last link in the line will be completed in mid-ocean in about ten days.

The question before the state department and the attorney general has been as to the right to land the cable of a foreign company.

#### BRYAN TO WORKINGMEN.

He Reviews and Addresses an Immense Throng at St. Louis.

A feature of Labor Day celebration in St. Louis was an address of Hon. W. J. Bryan, at Concordia park. The biggest crowd ever seen in the park greeted the speaker. His speech throughout was enthusiastically applauded. Previous to the meeting Mr. Bryan reviewed a parade of 15,000 laboring men.

#### BUD FULLER INDICTED.

Grand Jury Orders Him Held For Assault To Murder.

Bud Fuller, the farmer who is alleged to have left his little paralyzed child in the woods to die, was indicted by the Fulton county grand jury at Atlanta, Monday, for assault with intent to murder.

Witnesses from the Jackson hotel were examined to show Fuller carried the child there and left with it a day before it was found in the woods. The manner in which the child was found and its helpless condition were also brought out, and there was no hesitancy about the action taken by the grand jury.